Glo. To fight on Edwards party for the crowne,
And for his meede (poore Lo.) he is mewed vp:
I would to God my heart were flint like Edwards,
Or Edwards soft and pitifull like mine,
I am too childish, foolish for this world.
Qu. Mar. Hie thee to hell for shame, and leaue the world
Thou Cacodemon, there thy kingdome is.
Ri. My Lo. of Glocester in those busie dayes,
Which here you vrge to proue vs enemies,
We followed then our Lo. our lawfull king,
So should we you, if you should be our king.
Glo. If I should be? I had rather be a pedler,
Farre be it from my heart the thought of it.
Qu. As little ioy (my Lord) as you suppose
You should inioy, were you this countries king,
As little ioy may you suppose in me,
That I enioy being the Queene thereof.
Qu. Ma. A little ioy enioyes the Queene thereof,
For I am she, and altogither ioylesse,
I can no longer hold me patient.
Heare me you wrangling Pyrats that fall out,
In sharing out that which you haue pild from me:
Which of you trembles not that lookes on me?
If not, that I being Queene, you bow like subiects,
Yet that by you deposde, you quake like rebels:
O gentle villaine do not turne awae.
Glo. Foule wrinckled witch, what makst thou in my sight
Q. Ma. But repetition of what thou hast mard,
That will I make, before I let thee go:
A husband, and a sonne thou owest to me,
And thou a kingdome, all of you allegeance:
The sorrow that I haue by right is yours,
And all the pleasures you vsurpe are mine.
Glo. The curse my noble father laid on thee,
When thou didst crowne his warlike browes with paper,
And with thy scorne drewst riuers from his eies,
And then to drie them, gau'st the Duke a clout,
Steept in the faultlesse bloud of prettie Rutland:

His

22 sharing that 25 sight?

His curses then from bitternesse of soule,
Denounst against thee, are all fallen vpon thee,
And God, not we, hath plagde thy bloudy deede.
Qu. So iust is God to right the innocent.
Hast. O twas the foulest deede to slay that babe,
And the most merciless that euer was heard of.
Riu. Tyrants themselues wept when it was reported.
Dors. No man but prophecied reuenge for it.
Buck. Northunberland then present, wept to see it.
Qu. M. What? were you snarling all before I came,
Readie to catch each other by the throat,
And turne you now your hatred all on me?
Did Yorkes dread curse preuaile so much with heuen,
That Henries death, my louely Edwards death,
Their Kingdoms losse, my wofull banishment,
Could all but answere for that peeuish brat?
Can curses pierce the clouds, and enter heauen?
Why then giue way dull cloudes to my quicke curses:
If not by warre, by surfet die your King,
As ours by murder, to make him a King.
Edward thy sonne, which now is Prince of Wales,
For Edward my sonne, which was Prince of Wales,
Die in his youth, by like vntimely violence,
Thy selfe a Queene, for me that was a Queene,
Out liue thy glorie, like my wretched selfe:
Long maist thou liue to waile thy childrens losse,
And see another, as I see thee now,
Deckt in thy glorie, as thou art stald in mine:
Long die thy happie daies before thy death,
And after many lengthened houres of greefe,
Die neither mother, wife, nor Englands Queene.
Riuers and Dorset, you were standers by,
And so wast thou Lo: Hastings, when my sonne
Was stabd with bloudie daggers, God I pray him,
That none of you may liue your natural age;
But by some vnlookt accident cut off,
Glo. Haue done thy charme thou hatefull withered hag,
Q. M. And leaue out the stay dog, for thou shalt hear me

If

12 And turn you all your hatred now on me?
28 in thy rights, as